

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME L

Published Every Thursday
at 99 Ft. Washington Ave.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1921.

Subscription Price, \$2 a year

NUMBER 27

Entered as second class matter January 6, 1880, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 19, 1918

MEEN.

The snappy men, the happy men, who heard the bugle call—
Who reckoned not the reason—who gave their lives and all.

The swinging men, the singing men—the cadence of the road—
The joyful song of conquest, lending lightness to the load.

The landing men, the standing men—the hours in the rain—
The endless, anxious waiting for the transport or the train.

The striving men, the driving men, who put the business through—
Relentless in their purpose, which was but to die or do.

The leaping men, the creeping men, the stealthy, stern patrol—
The star-shell in the darkness striking fear into the soul.

The flying men, the dying men, upon the battlefield—
The craven and the hero in the light of day revealed.

The broken men, soft-spoken men, who felt the cannon's breath—
Who trod the Vale of Sacrifice and touched the hand of Death.

The graver men, the braver men, back in our arms once more,
Bring brighter revelations than we ever knew before.

WILLIAM V. V. STEPHENS,
Eleventh Engineers, U. S. A.

Chauffeur Extraordinary

Tom Husey's relatives and neighbors considered him a quite ordinary young man. At school he had let his cousins take the honors; he had not made even the "scrub" at college; and since then he had not cut a startling figure in business, politics or society.

When one morning in the spring of 1915 Millersville read in its newspaper that young Husey had gone to France to join the American Ambulance Service, it was not surprised. The young man had been driving his father's car about town at a breakneck pace, which from what Millersville knew of ambulance driving, undoubtedly qualified him for the service.

His mother and his father had consented to his going more readily than might have been expected. Although Mrs. Husey had wept a little at the thought that the ocean would be between them, she did not worry greatly about the danger. She was not given to reading much in the newspapers except the woman's page and the death, birth and marriage notices, and she had not suspected that her boy would be under fire. The worst that she feared for him was a touch of rheumatism or a cold, and for overcoming those she supplied him liberally with bottles of home-made remedies. Husey, senior, had believed that it would not be a bad thing for the boy to see something of the world. Tom's reason for going he kept to himself, as he did most of his thoughts. The truth of the matter was that he had wanted to see some fighting. He had known that he would be expected to drive an ambulance, and he had guessed that he would have other and more exciting duties besides.

As this story concerns itself with Tom's adventures after his return from France to Millersville, suffice it to say that he learned not only how to drive a car over rocks and trees, through mud and wire and shell fire, but also how to work with some of the tools of the surgeon and with the scrubbing brush of the scullery maid. He, who did not know the fibula from the femur, had even dared to do a major surgical operation. It had been a question of the man's limb or life. The only surgeon present had fallen in his tracks. Tom had seen the operation performed seventy times in half as many days. He merely imitated what he had seen. It is enough to say that the man survived.

One moment Tom was acting as an orderly or cleaning out stables, the next he was compelled to assume almost the authority of a general. He learned to think quickly and to act upon his own initiative. He saw some of the fighting that he had come out to see, although his business was concerned mostly with its aftermath. At home Tom had not given much thought to that aftermath. In France, it became his sole thought, almost an obsession. His head kept forever devising ways and means for its alleviation while

his hands were at their tasks. He became a glutton for work.

"A month more of this, and we'll be laying you out," the surgeon in charge said to him at the end of six months. "I've got your honorable discharge. Take it and the first steamer for home. By the way, it would be cruel not to prepare you—President Poincare's coming to-night. He's going to pin a few medals on some coats, and yours is one of them. You remember the night of the fifteenth. Well, some others do, too. There, meet it like a man, my boy. Many a fellow would give all he's possessed of to be in your coat."

Tom remembered the night of the fifteenth only too well. On that night he had for three hours carried the wounded off the field amid a heavy shower of German shrapnel. And now the President of France was about to thank him. Tom paled as he never had paled under fire.

So Tom received his *Croix de guerre* and his honorable discharge, and in no time was back in Millersville. His mother wept over him a little—he had grown so thin. His father hoped that he was ready to fall into harness.

About the medal he received, and the major operation he had performed, and the stables he had cleaned, he had nothing to say. The Millersville paper merely said that Mr. Thomas Husey, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Husey, had returned from France, where he had had some interesting experiences with the Ambulance Service. Indeed, Tom's relatives and friends were wholly disappointed in him, and retained their opinion that after all Tom Husey was a very ordinary young man.

But although Tom had little to say about his experiences in France, he thought of them day and night, especially night. In France, the horrors of war had not kept him awake; in Millersville they did. His mental retina had retained more impressions than he had thought. He had only to close his eyes to have them pass before him in review: the German boy, who had died in his arms, the French peasant, who had jested while they took from him his leg, men who had smiled in the face of worse than death, men who could never smile again, men who would smile always.

Yet, however real those pictures of the night were, during the day, while he went the old round of his mother's fussing over him and his father's nagging him, he had often to ask himself whether the French days were not a figment of his imagination.

However, Tom did not drive his father's car at such a breakneck pace as formerly. The greater part of his day he spent at his father's mill. Although Husey, senior, did not suspect it, there were many things at the mill that Tom now noticed, although he had passed them by before. There were many things that he decided could be done better. There were many things that he realized should not be done at all. But Tom would no more have dreamed of telling his father how to run things than he would have dreamed of telling General Joffre. General Joffre would give a man a chance to act upon his own initiative; not so Mr. Husey.

Undoubtedly, sooner or later, Tom would have got his chance. Fortunately for him, he got it sooner. One evening while he was telephoning to Alicia Burns, who had invited him to a party, another wire crossed theirs and he heard a voice asking excitedly:

"Hello, hello! Is this Dr. James? There's been a head-on collision at Centreton. Bring as many doctors and machines as you can get."

Tom hung up the receiver without bidding Alicia good-by. He told his parents quietly not to worry if he should be out late. There had been a collision, and he was going to see the wreck.

"What can you do out there?" demanded his father.

"I don't know," said Tom.

He got his father's car, and driving at his old pace, he had, within a quarter of an hour, taken up Dr. James and two other doctors and bought all the lint and bandages he could find in three drug stores.

Centreton was thirty miles out,

thirty miles of the worst roads in the state. Only in the battle-ploughed fields of France had Tom encountered worse. Dr. James, besides Tom and the two doctors in the tonneau will remember that ride when they are old men. Tom, with his eyes glued to the roads, never for an instant slackened his pace. The car chugged uphill, slid downhill, and leaped over holes and ruts. Although half a dozen other machines had started out at the same time, Tom's car reached the scene of the accident fully twenty minutes before any of them.

The collision had been about as bad as it could be—two passenger trains, crowded to their capacity, had come together head-on. Two or three trainmen, a few passengers who had escaped unhurt, several farmers and a couple of country doctors were taking the victims from the wreckage.

Springing from his machine, Tom cast from him his gloves, hat and overcoat, stuffed as many bandages into his pockets and the blouse of his shirt as they would hold, and set quietly to work at once. He went quickly from one thing to another, as he had learned to do in France. At first he took his orders from Dr. James. After a short time Tom, still working as quietly and as quickly as before, began to give orders to Dr. James and to the others. The change came about so naturally and to such effect that no one questioned it.

"This case requires immediate attention," he said to Dr. James. "Put that case to one side; it can wait," he directed the helpers. "Rush this case to town," he commanded a waiting automobilist.

Meanwhile, he was off himself to lift another victim from the wreckage.

Dr. James was an able, even an eminent, surgeon. That very day he had performed three major operations. But he was accustomed to nurses, assistants and instruments at his elbow. Moreover, this was his first wreck. It was Tom's hundredth or more. Out in France the victims had looked pretty much the same as they looked here.

"In heaven's name, boy," exclaimed Dr. James, when Tom had severed at foot that hung by a shred of flesh and had clamped the spurting arteries, "where did you learn surgery?"

"Out in France," answered Tom laconically, and he was off to bandage a broken head.

A quiet, middle-aged stranger had joined them some time before. Tom did not know whether he was an uninjured passenger or whether he had come out from town.

"Tell me what I can do," the man had said to Tom; and Tom had set him to washing wounds, fetching and carrying instruments and bandages, and delivering orders. After each prescribed task the stranger came back to Tom for another.

He could neither bandage nor dress wounds, and he was not strong enough to lift the victims from the wreckage; but he performed faithfully the homely tasks that Tom set him.

The night was running its course. Although a growing number of doctors, nurses and railway officials were now on hand, none questioned Tom's authority. From Dr. James to the trainmen, they obeyed him implicitly. Working at the same time with his hands and his head, Tom had, in the course of several hours, brought order out of chaos. The scene had taken on the aspect of a well-founded organization, with its various departments at their accustomed round.

The work of each department dovetailed neatly into the next in order. One division cleared away the wreckage, another carefully lifted out the victims, a third group bore them to a fourth, where they were sorted out, some for the division where they would receive immediate medical attention, others for the division where they would be taken to the ambulances and automobiles.

Tom was here, there and everywhere, like a general marshaling his forces; and always by his side, awaiting his least command, was his self-constituted orderly, the quiet, middle-aged stranger. Only once

did he ask Tom an irrelevant, and yet not an irrelevant, question: "Are you accustomed to doing this for a living, young man?"

"Oh, no," Tom answered, without stopping the work at which he was engaged. "Mostly, I'm just an ordinary chauffeur." He thought grimly that there was a good deal of truth in his words.

"I'll call you Chauffeur Extraordinary," said the stranger gravely.

Morning—chill, gray morning—dawned upon the human wreckage. Few of the men present had ever seen morning dawn upon such a sight. Tom Husey had seen many such mornings. He looked about him appraisingly. Everything was in splendid shape. The wounded had all been borne away. All the living had been removed from the wreckage. The dead—well, they would be removed in the course of the day. There was nothing more for him to do. He wanted to get home to sleep.

"Anyone want to come back to town in my car?" he asked.

"I should like to," said the quiet stranger.

"Climb in," said Tom.

Tom and the stranger rode back to the city in the cool of the early morning. Neither had much to say—Tom, because it was all he could do to keep his mind on his wheel. He knew that, if he were to permit himself a moment's relaxation, he would be sodden with sleep. Many a time in France at the end of a night's work he had rolled somnolently from his driver's seat.

"Where shall I take you?" Tom asked as they reached the awakening town.

"With you, young man. I should like to meet your father."

Tom said nothing. It was all he could do to keep his automobile going. They reached the Husey residence. Tom climbed from the car; the stranger followed. Tom was unminded of his manners as of all else.

Mr. Husey, coming down the stairs for his breakfast, saw Tom and the stranger enter.

"What's this?" he thought, with rising gall.

"Sir," said the stranger, "I have had your son bring me here in order that I might tell you first-hand of his work this past night."

Mr. Husey looked sternly at his son's drooping figure. "A fine scrape this time, sure."

Tom reeled into the parlor and threw himself upon the nearest plush sofa. Mr. Husey bounded after him, and shook the boy's limp figure. Then the stranger took the irate parent gently but firmly by the arm and steered him neatly into the hall.

"Let the boy alone," he said. "He deserves his rest." And then and there he told Mr. Husey of the boy's work in the past night.

John Husey took it in as best he could. Tom had been working in his mill for more than three years, but he had never discovered the remarkable executive ability of which this man was speaking; as for Tom's succoring the wounded—he knew that the boy had driven an ambulance in France, but he had thought that his duties had begun and ended with that. John Husey was nonplussed. Finally he called his wife, as was his custom when matters got beyond him.

The stranger repeated his story to Mrs. Husey. Her mind grasped one fact only—Tom had not had a wink of sleep all night. She must see him at once to assure herself of his welfare.

She shook the boy lightly to make sure that he was intact. Taking a handkerchief from his pocket, she started to wipe his begrimed face. A small medal attached to a bit of ribbon had caught itself in the handkerchief and fell from it to the floor. The stranger picked it up and examined it curiously.

"I should advise you to keep this carefully," he said, handing the medal to Mrs. Husey. "I shouldn't be surprised if you would find it to be of some value."

Mrs. Husey took the medal and slipped it into her blouse. Later, when the stranger had gone, she tried to make it out, but could not. She supposed that it was a medal Tom had received in France for proficiency in some sport, although at college he had never received cups or medals, like his cousins.

So profound was Tom's slumber that later in the morning his mother became alarmed, and sent for the family physician.

"Well," he greeted her. "I just met Dr. James. Your son is the talk of the town. Let him sleep on a bit. Like many a man before him, he'll awake to find himself famous."

Tom awoke to a nine-days' fame. His mother's pride, long wounded by his cousins' superiority, was at last healed.

"This fuss is all very well, said his father, 'but I can't see that there's much in it for the boy.'"

Tom refused to let himself be lionized, and the world, disgusted with his ingratitude, passed him on. At the end of ten days, when the fuss was over, he received a letter from the Central and Western Railway Company. Would he kindly call the following Monday between the hours of two and three o'clock in the afternoon, and ask for Mr. Harbeson?

Tom's heart sank. He hoped that they were not going to give him a medal, or anything of that sort. One experience of the kind had been too much for him. On that occasion he had acquitted himself very poorly. However, he saw nothing to do except to go. If he refused, they might come after him with a brass band.

On Monday he took the train to St. Louis, and at two o'clock to the minute—he dared not prolong the agony longer—he was asking for Mr. Harbeson. He was shown to the office with "President" on its door. When he entered he saw that the only occupant of the room was the quiet, middle-aged stranger of the night of the accident.

"Are you Mr. Harbeson?" Tom asked.

"Yes. Please be seated, Mr. Husey."

Tom did as he was told, then looked round him furtively. There were no suspicious velvet boxes lying about. He breathed easier.

Mr. Harbeson leaned back in his chair and regarded Tom with a long and pleasant stare.

"Young man," said he, "do you mind telling me if you have any occupation other than that of ordinary chauffeur?"

"Well," said Tom, "when I'm not driving the family car about, I'm at my father's mill."

"What do you do there?"

"Oh, I look over the mail a bit, and walk about to see that every-

one's on the job."

"Do you sign checks or orders, or do you put through deals?"

"Goodness, no!" Tom exclaimed.

"Father lets no one sniff at his job."

"Humph! Well, do you think that if anything were to happen to your father you could manage to keep the mill running?"

Tom thought for a moment; then he answered slowly, "I think that I could manage."

"What makes you think so?"

Tom blushed, at a loss for an answer. "I—I've kept my eyes open a bit," he said deprecatingly.

"Ah-h!" said Mr. Harbeson.

"From what I saw the other night you've made rather a fine art of keeping your eyes open. By the way, was it for keeping your eyes open that you got that medal you carry round with you?"

Tom fidgeted. His mother had told him all she knew about the medal, but he had not told her all that he knew about it.

"For something of the kind," he answered in a tone that forbade further questioning.

The older man smiled. "After all, I do not need to know about the medal. I learned all that I need know the other night. Now, if you will permit me another question—the last, I promise. If you were to run your father's mill, would you run it as he now runs it?"

"No," answered Tom, more decisively than he had yet spoken.

"Thank you," said Mr. Harbeson.

"And now, Mr. Husey, you see that empty desk at your right. The man who sat there was yesterday put in charge of a department. The man whom I want to fill his place must be one who is ready at a moment's notice to take himself from one end of the country to another to straighten out any kind of a tangle or a mess or a mix-up that he finds. Do you think that you would like that desk?"

This was better than medals and eulogies.

"Rather," Tom answered. Mr. Harbeson rose and extended his hand.

"Good, said he. 'The desk is yours, and five thousand a year. Report here Thursday. Good afternoon.'"

Tom took his leave without a word. He could not make a speech if his life depended upon it, and, happily, in this case his position did not depend upon it. He took the earliest train he could get to Millersville and went home immediately. He found that his father and mother were postponing their dinner for him.

"Well, folks," he said, "you know that quiet man I brought back the night of the accident. Well, he's Mr. Harbeson, president of the C. and W. Railway. He offered me a job at five thousand, and I accepted it on the spot. Got to report on Thursday. Got to dress now. Start in dinner. I'll be down as soon as I can."

"Well, Amanda," said Mr. Husey, after his son had gone, "it looks as if the boy were going to amount to something, after all."—*Youth's Companion.*

MERIDEN, CT.

RICHMOND—LANGNER.

June 22, 1921—Wedding of deaf-mutes, Miss Anna M. Langner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bertha Langner, of 112 View Street, and William Richmond, of Marshall Street, North Adams, Mass., took place this afternoon at the home of the bride's mother at 3 o'clock.

The Rev. G. H. Heffron, of Hartford, officiated under an arch of flowers in the sign language. Miss Jeanette Lanou of this city, and Frank J. Donick of North Adams, Mass., also deaf mutes, attended the couple. The flower girls were Florence Hergot and Helen Smith, nieces of the bride.

The bride wore a white pussy willow satin dress with veil caught up with pearls and carried a large bouquet of white American roses. Her attendant wore a white georgette with pearl trimming and carried pink carnations.

The flower girls were dressed in white organdie and carried baskets of sweet peas.

The traveling suit of the bride was navy blue tricot with hat to match.

A reception was held. Mr. and Mrs. Richmond will leave this evening on their wedding trip, after which they will reside in North Adams, Mass.

There were many relatives present. Among the deaf we noted about nine, Mrs. A. A. Saleski, Miss Florence Perry, Mrs. Otto Wenk, and her two children, Messrs. Algot Anderson, Nathan Zietz, and Theodore Marsden, all of Meriden, Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Gagner and Freddie, Jr., of North Adams, Mass., Mrs. Moise Le Blanc, of Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Catherine Bins Lauphugh.

Mrs. Catherine Bins, wife of Frank P. Lauphugh, died last week at her home, 426 North Market Street, Johnstown, N. Y. Mrs. Lauphugh had not been in good health for some time, but had been as well as usual until a week ago, when she was seized with a serious attack of heart trouble which resulted in her demise last evening.

The deceased was born at Schoharie, 61 years ago, the daughter of Joseph and Catherine Bins. She removed to Johnstown, N. Y., twenty years ago and had resided here since that time. Mrs. Lauphugh was a member of the Episcopal church at Gunderland. Though she was unable to hear or talk, she had made many friends in Johnstown who will regret to learn of her death.

The survivors, besides her husband, are two sisters, Elizabeth Bins of this city and Laura Bins of West Burne; three brothers, Williams F., of Philadelphia, Pa., Henry, of East Burne, and Frank, of West Burne; also several nephews and nieces.

The funeral was held on Wednesday, June 15th. Rev. W. W. Ellsworth, pastor of the St. John's

Episcopal church, officiated and was assisted by Rev. Herbert Finch, pastor of the St. Paul's Lutheran church. Burial was made in the Gunderland cemetery.—*Ex.*

MARRIED.

CAPELLE—PARKES.

On Wednesday, June 22d, 1921, at 5:30 P. M., at the North Presbyterian Church, 155th Street, near Broadway, Rev. John Mackay performed the marriage of Miss Lillian Carolyn Capelle to Sergeant Walter Carroll Parkes.

The bridesmaid was Miss Elizabeth S. Mackay, and the bestman, Mr. Philip C. Duschres. The flower girl and page were Miss Muriel Wilson Parkes and Master Richard Carroll Parkes, niece and nephew of the bridegroom.

The bride wore a gown of French blue georgette crepe and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley, while the bridesmaid wore a rose-pink Canton crepe frock, and wore a corsage bouquet of white sweet peas.

Many friends and relatives of the bride and groom were present at the church, among whom were Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Mrs. Ethel Wagner (daughter of Prof. W. G. Jones), Mr. A. Capelle, father of the bride, Mr. Albert L. Parkes, father of the groom, Mrs. Catherine MacKay, a well-loved friend of both Miss Capelle and Mr. Parkes, Mrs. J. F. Katz, Mrs. Polak, Frank Capelle and many others, but space forbids mentioning all.

After the ceremony the wedding party and twenty of the guests motored down to the Strand Roof, where the wedding supper was served.

During the course of the supper, the guests enjoyed the excellent entertainment provided by the management.

The guests at the supper were: Mr. A. L. Parkes, Mr. A. Capelle, Mrs. Catherine Mackay, Mr. David Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Parkes, Miss Martha Rave, Miss Marjorie Kernaghan, Miss Leona Griffin, Mr. Maurice Berger, Mr. William Burston, Miss Edna Sullivan, Mrs. J. F. Katz, Miss Violet Parkes, Mr. Vincent Parkes, Mr. Herbert Wilson, Mr. Ralph Polak, Miss Belle Levy, Miss E. S. Mackay and Mr. P. C. Duschres.

At 11 o'clock P. M. the newly-weds left amid showers of rice, flowers, and good wishes of all.

Mrs. Walter Carroll Parkes (nee Lillian Carolyn Capelle) is twenty-two years old, graduated from High School, and later fitted herself for a business career, and up to a week ago held a responsible position as book-keeper with the American Linseed Company, of New York City.

Sergeant Walter Carroll Parkes, is the oldest son of Mr. A. L. Parkes, and like his elder, Walter, acquired a taste for art, and has studied art under some of New York's best Masters. For the past two years he has been a member of the U. S. Marines, stationed in this city. His talent as an artist here were at once appreciated, and from the beginning he was assigned to the Editorial staff of the "Record," a publication that has won praise for its splendid typographical and illustrative display. It was only on June 10th that he was made a Sergeant.

The newly-weds are now on their honeymoon tour, which embraces many interesting places in New England.

Mute Invents Alarm Clock.

DENVER, COL., June 11.—Eliza Cretzer, a Denver mute, worried because he overslept, so he "invented" a contrivance that works as an alarm clock, assuring his rising at the desired hour. Cretzer made a block of wood in the shape of a letter "T" the top of which is wrapped in heavy folds of cloth. The arm of the "T" is set under a wire that is connected with an alarm clock over Cretzer's bed. When the alarm goes off the winding screw strikes the wire, releasing the block of wood, which tumbles down and strikes Cretzer on the head. "The best alarm clock I ever had," Cretzer says.

NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1921

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1634 Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

In last week's JOURNAL our Philadelphia correspondent, commenting upon the seeming reluctance of the deaf to attend morning services at their church, ascribes it to conditions existing before the deaf had their own church. Being obliged to hold services at different churches for the hearing, where morning and evening services were held on Sundays, these edifices were available only during the interval of morning and evening services—that is, in the afternoon. Therefore our correspondent concludes that force of circumstances caused force of habit, which persists to the present day.

He may be partly right. Anyway the explanation is as plausible as it is ingenious.

But there is another way to look at it. Hearing people generally affiliate with the church of their denomination that is nearest to their homes. Thus they have but a short distance to travel in order to be present at morning service. The deaf have no choice. They have only one church of their own in Philadelphia—or in New York, Chicago, and one or two other large cities. Their homes are so very far removed that it takes very often from one to two hours to get to church and the same length of time to reach home again. This involves money expense as well as expenditure of time.

As a rule, the deaf are moderately circumstanced in regard to the world's goods. They have no retinue of maidservants; they do their own housework and cook the family meals. And unless their homes be equipped with fireless cookers, attending church service, and preparing dinner also, can only be accomplished at a sacrifice of household economy, not to mention the restful relaxation at their own firesides after six days of more or less hard work.

Church Service in the afternoon is far more acceptable to the majority of the deaf, and does not interfere with the home affairs. The deaf are mostly at leisure after the mid-day meal, and can go to church without much hurry, and spend the whole afternoon and evening following the service enjoying mutual friendships and profiting by the hours of happy recreation.

DUMB PRISONER'S CURE

EAST VIEW, N. Y., June 23.—William J. Kennedy, serving a sentence in the East View penitentiary for vagrancy, is through telling people the time.

Kennedy was arrested in Poughkeepsie recently on suspicion of having robbed the Catholic Church of St. John the Baptist in Yonkers. When approached by detectives who intended to question him about the burglary, by signs and passes, Kennedy informed them that he was a deaf-mute. Wanting evidence and not being able to question the prisoner, the detectives were unable to proceed further with the case. Kennedy was arraigned and convicted of vagrancy. He

was sentenced to five months in East View penitentiary.

Kennedy had hardly been in the jail an hour when he told another prisoner, who had been instructed by a guard to ask Kennedy for the time, that his watch was broken. Detectives, who had been working on the case, were informed at once that the East View inmate had restored Kennedy's voice, and after being questioned at length he was charged with the theft of a gold chain from the Rev. Henry J. Meyer.

OREGON.

We remember the debts to ourselves but forget our own.

Some see everything through their own eyes, being color blind to all but the hue in mind. We are not sinning, but the world is.

Berry picking will take our idle afield. The late season has made some despair of attendance at the State Conventions, in new clothes and with spare money.

Ralph Pickett now works for the co-operation on the peninsula.

Karl E. E. Johnson sighs for the Puget Sound fishing and houseboat life, and his feet keep turning to North Yakima, where a job in a warehouse and "keep" for chores look sorely inviting to the mealless and sleepless existents.

Printing work is dull on the coast. So keep away and let our printers earn their living.

Decorations Day was crowded at the Vancouver School. The School team beat the Portland Jumble 18 to 15. Excitement a plenty, with errors humorous, thrilled the crowd. The grass was cut, Principal Clarke having borrowed the mower and returned it out of order. Willie Seaman, Jr., blames the defeat to the players watching the pretty girls instead of the ball. In the evening, a movie show was given the pupils, and the outsiders enjoyed ice cream at a nickel (it really has come back—once on a time it was taboo, the dime being the smallest coin) per dish.

Fred Bjorkquest and Dean Horn were foraging on the peninsula one Sunday.

The Rose Festival will soon be in full swing this week. A riot of nature perfuming the heavens and kaleidoscoping the scenery will make the visitor come back to stay.

Michael Schlachter has consulted capitalists and machinists about his gravity motor. Adverse criticism has not shaken his faith. If any thing can by itself generate power, Mike can it. It will run once it is started. But hitched to any thing, inertia and friction certainly will stop it.

Mike Schlachter worked out an idea for harvesting coin, but the great implement companies perfected their own machines. Had Mike advantage of technical training, he would make a success as an inventor, for he has bold, ingenious, original ideas.

A donation party was discussed in some circles. If compensation for services rendered and acknowledged is the aim, it will be acceptable. But the usual affair is disgusting. Everybody contributes some useless articles, a smile, a pat and a handshake, and the victim is duly overwhelmed and impressed (?). Ministers may be weak and accept donations with humility and gratitude, but outsiders snort and incline to throw everything in the faces of the donors. Commendation and encouragement from some mean condemnation and discouragement.

The Pacific Coast truly has varied and immense fishing, but the hook goes to an inland Ohio town. A cow was caught. She was helping herself to the lunch in the auto, and hooked herself.

The Vancouver Rotarians took the pupils of the School on a trip up the beautiful, wonderful scenic Columbia River Highway. It was the treat of their young life.

Frank Burgess has come back to Wichita, Kan., from Akron, O., and is working in an ice cream factory.

A. C. Dreyer, of Topeka, Kan., complains of the hot weather up there.

Fred Becker of the Santa Fe Shops at Topeka, Kan., and Mrs. Altman Becker will come to the Pacific Coast for their annual vacation. They will come to the great Atlantic-Pacific Highways and Electric Exposition at Portland, in 1925.

Luther Taylor of the Kansas School for the Deaf, will umpire during the summer for the Santa Fe baseball teams in Kansas.

Karl E. E. Johnson denies having informed the manager of a creamery station that "your buttermilk is too filling. I could get outside of only eight measly glasses."

Geo. D. Martin has gone to California for his vacation.

Chas. and Beth Barret Franzer, of Coupeville, Wash., welcomed a baby boy on May 24th.

Grover Evans has come back to Vancouver from Tacoma.

Le Roy Smith and Mrs. Miller Jensen Trembath Stendal were married last spring in East Washington.

Alfred F. Stendal is still working as a camp cook near Sedrowoolley. He is the cook that is a cook.

Ernest Frederickson is running his own shoe shop in Everett.

Everett Ellenwood is starring for the Maple Valley baseball team near Renton, Wash. His work earned favorable mention in a Seattle paper.

Daily papers tell of "a ten-year old, deaf and dumb, bank bandit, being caught trying to rob the First National Bank," at Oakland, Cal. He got in through a drain pipe and a transom. Several contribution boxes for Armenian relief were found open.

They also mention the conviction in Columbia, Missouri, of a young farmer for the murder of his grandfather, on the testimony of twelve deaf-mute witnesses.

Jake Garberson has at last found out what breathing through the nose is. He claims the nose specialist got a shoe stretcher to distend the nostrils, and then cut out the interfering gristle. But now he can fill his lungs with fresh Oregon air, and acts like a new man. Here's hoping the change is permanent.

The Sunday Oregonian had an article on the Pacific Highway, in which a photo of Jake Garberson's father-in-law's house featured. It nestles under the hills above Wolf Creek. The famous Red Riding Hood Inn comes for mention, its excellent cuisine being extolled. Rare fat mushrooms from secret recesses in the hills, red mountain huckleberries preserved, and salmon in prospect make one open the throttle wide enroute.

John Gay is working in Omaha, Neb. The printing business on the coast needs no outside help, the local being unable to find steady work.

Lewis O. Christenson has kept his nose steady on the grindstone, turning out job work for years. He is a man who is conscientious in his work, slaving from early morning often to the next morning. But now he will take a vacation east, taking in the Atlanta Convention. He has been the meal ticket, and banker for the hungry and penniless deaf from time out of memory. He is the alternate from the Seattle Local of the N. F. S. D.

A man across the table is now reading Benten's Anatomy of Melancholy. Some book.

THEODORE C. MUELLER, Portland, Ore.

June 6, 1921.

National Association of the Deaf

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President J. H. Cloud, Mo.
Secretary-Treasurer A. L. Roberts, Washington, D. C.
Vice-Presidents J. W. Howson, Cal.; C. G. Lamson, Ohio
Executive Board: Olof Hanson, W. Sh. Alex. L. Pach, N. Y.; J. H. McFarlane, Ala.

OFFICIAL

Fourteenth Triennial Convention, Atlanta, 1923.

COMMITTEE ON PROGRAM.

J. H. McFarlane (Chairman), Box 168, Talladega, Ala.
Mrs. C. L. Jackson, 278 South Ashby Street, Atlanta, Ga.
The Rev. H. L. Tracy, 612 America Street, Baton Rouge, La.
Mrs. Josephine T. Stewart, 408 West Court Street, Flint, Mich.
Isaac Goldberg, 558 Ninth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Sylvia C. Jalis, 73 Highland Avenue, Belleville, Ontario, Can.
M. J. Matheis, 1422 North Coronado Terrace, Los Angeles, Cal.

LOCAL COMMITTEE.

L. B. Dickerson (Chairman), 148 Richardson Street, Atlanta, Ga.
Ross A. Johnson (Vice-Chairman), 63 North Pryor Street.
Mrs. C. L. Jackson (Secretary), 278 South Ashby Street.
Rev. S. M. Freeman (Treasurer), 102 Greenwood Place, Decatur, Ga.
W. A. Willingham, 359 South Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. J. G. Bishop, 536 Spring Street.
Percy W. Ligon, V. M. C. A.
Mrs. J. H. McFarlane, Talladega, Ala.
Fred J. Hart, 137 West Broad Street, Savannah, Ga.
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Goldston, 429 Euclid Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.
William R. Jones, Lithonia, Ga.
Mrs. M. M. Simmons, 102 Greenwood Place, Decatur, Ga.
Herbert H. Williams, 196 South Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. H. A. Watts, 278 South Ashby Street.

It is proposed to have each State in the Southern section represented on the Local Committee by two associate members. The list is not quite complete, but will soon be announced.

J. H. CLOUD, President N. A. D.
St. Louis, June 25.

DETROIT.

Sunday, June 12th, Rev. Mr. C. W. Charles, our missionary in charge, delivered an interesting sermon on "The Root of the Blessed Life." He then read Psalms, Chapter 34, verses 1 to 14, after which he further warned us from evil, and urged that we must seek peace and pursue it. Miss Grattan recited "The Children of the Heavenly King." Before the communion was partaken Rev. Mr. Charles rendered a hymn earnestly and clearly: "I am not worthy, holy Lord."

And in the afternoon Rev. Charles delivered another instructive sermon for an hour, on "Nation," and he read Proverbs 14:34: "Justice exalteth a nation: but sin maketh nations miserable." Before closing, he read the gospel—Acts 12:1 to 17, and II King, Chapter 17.

Then Miss Sarah Scarborough signed beautifully a hymn—"Abide With Me." Rev. Mr. Charles left to hold service in Ann Arbor that evening.

A birthday party was tendered Mrs. Arthur Smith at her home in Ann Arbor, Sunday afternoon, June 12th. About a dozen deaf from Detroit, Ann Arbor, Ypsilanti, and nearby were invited. The party from Detroit, were Clyde Barnett and Clarence Knibsch.

Mrs. Smith was pleasantly remembered with an electric toaster. After luncheon, they attended the service of Rev. Mr. Charles at 7:30 P.M.

Thursday evening, June 16th, at the home of Mother Beaver, 272 Rosedale Court, the friends held a miscellaneous shower in honor of Miss Etta May Evans, as tokens of the esteem and love in which she is held by her friends. She was taken utterly by surprise, which added to the enjoyment of those present. The guests were in hiding for an hour. The parlor was decorated beautifully with green and white color scheme and pink roses. Vases of pink ramblers roses and seven sisters roses were held here and there. On the round table in the parlor stood the dolls, a bride and groom attended by cupid, with all his bow and arrows into the temple fully intent to lash his deadly foes, and the paths around them were strewn with rice.

The guests wondered if they were in dreamland or somewhere. Miss Evans was amused, and was a dazzling figure in a most amazing position, as she looked over the heap of gifts on the table and around it. It was real fun for her to untie one after another. Every looker-on just howled with mirth and said approvingly, "Etta may, you are in good spirits tonight." Miss Evans then thanked the loving friends for this pleasant surprise.

Miss Evans will be married to Benjamin Jordan Beaver some time this summer.

Mrs. Ralph Beaver was a business-like and competent director of the surprise party. So careful had been the preparation of the party, and so marked was the enjoyment received by all. They were served ice cream, candies and three kinds of cakes baked by Mrs. Ralph Beaver. After which the evening was devoted to jokes and story tellings.

A flashlight picture was taken of the group, and all wished to thank Mother Beaver, and Mr. and Mrs. R. Beaver, for their hospitality.

Out of the long list of gifts, we send the following with the names of the donors:—

Mother Beaver, a pair of linen pillow cases; Mr. and Mrs. Norfleet, cut glass fruit-dish; Mrs. Browne, electric iron; Mr. and Mrs. R. Beaver, double boiler; Mr. and Mrs. Shaffer, guest towel; Baby McSparin, floor scrub brush; Mr. and Mrs. McSparin, pudding pan; Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, 1/2 linen napkins; Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook, Sauce pan; Mr. and Mrs. McMullen, cut glass fruit-dish; Mr. and Mrs. Waters, china pickle and olive dishes; Mrs. Colby, china water pitcher; Miss Colby, china bouillon cups; Mrs. Kenney, 1/2 glass towels; Mr. and Mrs. Webster, double boiler; Mr. and Mrs. Suggart, meat roast pan; Mr. and Mrs. Hugel, a set of nut pickers; W. Carl, casserole; Mr. and Mrs. Heymansson, kettle; Erma Winters, Turkish towel; Mr. and Mrs. Schinabellins, bureau scarf; Mr. and Mrs. Herring, dresser scarf; Alloy Japes, broom; Mrs. Obee and daughter, three saucers; Miss Perrault, Turkish towel; Mrs. Russow, 6 yds of glass towelings.

The First Annual Excursion of the Detroit of the Deaf to Put-in-Bay on Sunday, June 19th, was a success and profitable. A netted sum of \$93.75 went to the D. A. D. Fund. Over two hundred deaf went and enjoyed the outing. The Detroit Oral Club turned in a larger number of persons. Mr. Kreiger, portrait artist, was busy all the way down, etching the photo, of the merry crowd on the boat. The charge was 25 cents a photo. The sum of over seven dollars went to the D. A. D. fund. In remembrance of this trip a group picture of

the Committee, with Ivan Hymanson, Chairman, was taken on the Captain's deck.

The program of events was as follows:

100 yards dash (Men)—Ed. Payne, first prize, ten dollars worth of merchandise, donated by Mabley & Co. C. S. Loebinger, second prize, three ties valued four dollars and fifty cents, donated by Hughes & Hatcher.

75 yards dash (Ladies)—Mrs. Obee, first prize, half ton of hard coal, donated by United Fuel Co. Miss E. M. Evans, second prize, ten dollars worth of merchandise, donated by People Outfitting Co.

50 yards (Boys under 12 years)—Norman Loebinger, first prize, bath suit, donated by Clayton & Co. Charlotte Hugel, second prize, four dollar straw hat, donated by Bannegartner & Co.

50 yards (Girls under 12 years)—Beatrice Obee, first prize, five dollars worth of merchandise, donated by Owen & Co. Helen Lappan, second prize, a jewel box, donated by L. Black & Co.

Tug-of-War—D. A. D. vs. Detroit Oral Club (Men)—D. A. D., won, 100 cigars; and D. O. C., loser, 50 cigars; donated by Hennier & Co.

Tug-of-War—(Married women vs. single women)—Won by the married women, four pounds of candy, donated by Sanders & Co. The single women got two pounds of candy, donated by the Home Candy Co.

Port Huron, Mich., is a fashionable summer resort of wealthy folks, and it is getting to be a mecca for the deaf folks from different parts of the country. Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Heymansson spent Sunday, June 12th, in Port Huron, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Kresin. They report having a good time. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Eickhoff and little Miss Carol, of Flint, spent a week in Port Huron. Meldrum Aldrich has returned to Port Huron for the summer, after attending school in Flint. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Thompson, of Port Huron, spent Decoration Day in Detroit with Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Brown.

Mrs. R. Beager, baby and her two sisters, Misses Warsaw, went to Bay City Saturday, June 18th, for a few days.

Mrs. Abbie Obee and daughter, Beatrice, were in Flint Decoration Day, the guests of Miss Ina Ladue, for a few days.

H. B. Waters and family drove to Flint in his own car Decoration Day, thence they went to Vernon, Mich., to visit Mr. and Mrs. Wilby Kear. They reported having a fine time.

A private wedding of Bert Smith (hearing) and Miss Anna Deering (deaf) took place at 5 o'clock June 16th, at St. Joseph's parsonage, by Father Lempe. Miss Victoria Saukus acted as bridesmaid and Aloysius Japes, bestman. The bride was attired in white georgette, white veil to match, and bridesmaid in pink taffeta with all over lace and hat to match. Wedding supper for the immediate families was given at the home of the bride's mother. They received many beautiful gifts. The newly-weds are now on their honeymoon in some unknown part of the country. Their friends join the writer in wishing them happiness and godspeed.

Asa Stutsman, Detroit correspondent of the Illinois Advance, has a dear companion—his auto, which he bought in Dearborn for a small sum. Alas! it has met many mishaps, though Asa cannot live without it.

Mrs. Blanche Jones, who has been a dressmaker all her life, has been employed by a fashionable modiste at Woodward Arcade for three months. She was one of them that made the priceless dress and coat for Mrs. Henry Ford some time ago. Mrs. Jones is a bright young lady, loves to tell laughable stories and jokes. She is a product of Edgewood School, near Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Robert Jones accompanied Mr. and Mrs. John Moore and party in Mr. Moore's auto to Toledo, Ohio, for the day, June 12th.

The young set, under the direction of Clarence Knibsch, went to Grosse Ile for an all-day picnic on June 12th.

Robert H. McLachlan spent Sunday, June 12th, in Mt. Clemens, with a friend for a picnic-fishing near St. Clair Lake. He caught nothing. Poor fellow!

Mrs. Edmond Bourlier, who met with an accident a month ago, is still at the Sanatorium, and is improving wonderfully.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. McLachlan's son Harry and his wife came from Philadelphia to surprise them one day last week, and went to Flint to visit his wife's parents. They expect to return to Detroit, to be with his parents for a few days, before going to Ann Arbor on business.

Walter Carl has sold his old motorcycle and bought a new 1921 model, which he kindly entertains young folks by taking them around the town every day. Thank you.

Mrs. E. C. COLBY,
2151 Jefferson, East.

LOS ANGELES.

The Grand Lodge of the B. P. O. E. will swarm into Los Angeles during the week of July 10th. The indications point to the biggest crowd of folks on record here, probably more than Angelenos have ever seen before at one gathering. Already thirty-five trains of delegates from the far east have been booked. In honor of the delegates, the city will soon be gorgeously decorated with all kinds of bunting, American flags, colored electric lights, etc. It is said it will be the most beautifully decorated occasion in the history of Los Angeles.

Following the raising of fare on the Pacific Electric Lines, the fare on the Los Angeles Railway Cars will be raised to six cents on the first of next month. The passengers will, of course, get five and six cents mixed up before they can get used to it.

We are truly sorry to say that Mayor Synder, who has been the best mayor Los Angeles ever had, got beaten by the new mayor at the recent election. Despite this fact, Mayor Synder and his wife are planning to go east soon after he hands the mayoralty chair over to Mr. Cryer.

The residence of Mrs. Omar Smith, which is very close to the exposition Park, is being remodeled preparatory to receiving a fine coat of paint. She is the oldest operator at the overall factory, having been at her trade for over sixteen years.

Mrs. Arthur Hultene, the daughter of the scribe, is taking part in the photo play title contest for a handsome money prize. Every morning the Examiner publishes a drawing by a famous cartoonist for a period of sixty days. His drawing represents the title of a well-known photo play. Mrs. Hultene writes the title of the photo play she believes to be represented in the picture on the line indicated for it. Before this she has taken part in a photo play picture contest, and won forty photos of the famous film actresses and actors, though she came with the one hundred seventeenth place out of fifteen thousand. She would have been close to the first place, had she sufficient time.

Owing to his wife's continued confinement in a sanatorium, Mr. Doodson has been so lonesome for her. Mrs. Doodson is slowly convalescing and will not return home for some time.

Mrs. U. Cool is not able to attend her club regularly as she used to, on account of attending to her baby mostly. According to her friends, the baby is very lovely. Rather than go to the club, she devotes all her time to her beloved baby.

The Sunshine Circle recently had an enjoyable reception at the congregational Church and gave a very interesting and impressive program for the benefit of the poor deaf. An unusually large number turned out to attend the reception and generally turned their coin into the Relief Fund.

The well known deaf pioneers in Los Angeles are Mr. W. E. Dean, Mr. N. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. W. Dahl, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ward, Mrs. Andrews and Mr. and Mrs. W. Cook. Some others who are nearing the mark of becoming pioneers are Mr. and Mrs. U. Cool, Mr. and Mrs. E. Price, Mr. and Mrs. O. Smith, Mrs. Ed. Llewelyn, Mr. M. Miller, Mr. C. Doane and Mr. A. Dyson.

The election of the officers for the ensuing six months took place at the Silent Club last week. The following were elected: President, K. Willman; Vice-President, J. Conway; Secretary, Miss Sprang; and Treasurer, Mrs. J. Conway.

After the election Anaheim's Landing for the July 4th picnic was unanimously voted. The members seemed to be much pleased with the newly elected officers, and trust that they will roll up their sleeves and work hard to make it a success.

The local Division No. 27 held a regular meeting week before last, an unusually large attendance being present. At the adjournment of the meeting, the members bade A. Dyson good-bye, and wished him a pleasant and safe journey and return as he was leaving for Atlanta, Ga., as a delegate.

The guests calling at Mrs. F. Roberts Mountain Cabin for the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. S. Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. G. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. G. Moses, Miss W. Myers, Mrs. Ed. Llewelyn and Mr. Blumer.

The wife of Mr. Axel Amundsen, who is well-known to the deaf here as a former Angeleno, is in town with a view of locating here permanently. Her husband is now in Salt Lake City, but will soon join her.

Mrs. A. Andrews is usually called a "Good Samaritan," as she always sees to the poor deaf and cares for them. Her kind actions merit the praise and honor of the deaf in Los Angeles.

Through the JOURNAL, we are pleased to learn of our old friend, Miss Bertha Stowe, being recently married to Mr. Jacob Brand, of Iowa. A long and happy life to the couple are our wishes.

Our hearty congratulations are extended to Mr. A. B. Greener, as he has been a very long and regular correspondent of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

JOURNAL for the Ohio Deaf. His pleasant visit with us is quite well remembered. We expect another visit from him in the future.

We learn through the JOURNAL that our friend, Miss Cora Hitesman is enjoying her visit in the Capitol. It seems as if our climate has failed to keep her here, but we bet that the heat there will force her to return here.

E. M. PRICE.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 938 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

June 25, 1921.—Mrs. Mary Harrison (nee Adcock), of the Home, suffered with a distressing accident one day last week by a fall, which resulted in the breaking of the right hip bone and the bone of the right leg. She was taken to Mt. Carmel Hospital. She is quite heavy and aged, thus rendering recovery long and tedious. Every one about the Home deplors the occurrence and hopes she may recover.

Bids for contracts for the construction of the Men's building at the Home were opened last week, and the building committee were surprised at the come down from those of a year ago, when the lowest was about \$40,000, and hence none were accepted. This time the lowest was \$26,663 complete, by a Westerville contractor, who will receive the contract, and work on the structure will begin as soon as the necessary arrangements are entered upon. It is hoped to have the building ready for occupation by November, and every one hopes that will be the case.

Another bit of news is the purchase for the Home recently of a 40% acre tract of land between the original farm and the tract of 70 acres bought some years ago. The new addition has valuable timber upon it, and it will not make it necessary to drive stock upon the road—rather dangerous with increased auto travel upon the highway—to reach the 70 acre farm. The cost of the recent purchase was \$4,000, and with this addition, the Home has a farm of 117 1/2 acres, and what is more, not a cent of debt upon it.

Mr. Harold Stacy, of Marietta, Ohio, and Miss Mabel Johnson, of Delaware, Ohio, were married Wednesday, June 23d, at the latter's home. Only the immediate families witnessed the nuptials. Miss Johnson was the physical instructor for two years at the school here, and last year taught the 5th primary class. Mr. Stacy was in the World's War across the sea, and while so engaged was taken sick with Spinal Meningitis, from which he lost his hearing. On the way home the vessel in which he was being brought was blown up by a torpedo, and he with others received a ducking. Later he was sent to the school here to be taught speech and lip-reading. He also attended O. S. U. at the same time at the expense of the United States Government. It was here where he became acquainted with his bride, who was also his teacher last year. He is a garden truck raiser, and his friends here will wish him and his bride all the success and happiness possible.

The local Division of the N. F. S. D. had reckoned upon a lawn social at the School Saturday afternoon and evening last, but a heavy rain, much needed, set in about 6 P.M., and the affair had to be transferred to the Girls' Recreation Hall. As the rain kept up until after eight o'clock, the attendance was not as large as anticipated. Still a goodly sum was realized.

The reorganization act was declared by the State Supreme Court, also the emergency clause, constitutional last week. The School for the Deaf and other State institutions come under the Welfare Department with one director in sole charge. The heads of other departments have been appointed and announced by the Governor, and he is still at this writing seeking a man for the Welfare head. He will assume charge July 1st, and has the appointments for positions as well as fixing the salaries of employees. The last Legislature gave the Board of Administration \$50,000 for increasing salaries and wages of its employees, but it's to go to those who show efficiency in their work.

Dioceses of Maryland.

Rev. O. J. WHELDIN, General Missionary,
2100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Gift and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointment.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

RAPPORT CLUB BOAT OUTING AND PICNIC.

This time of year it can only be natural for young folks to gravitate toward nature. Thus it was with the members of the Rapport Club. They planned some time ago that they would engage themselves with seasonal vacations and enjoyments. June, being a month of roses, and suggestion of so many out-of-doors amusements, it was planned by this Club to have a boat party and picnic on June 19th. The date was announced, the start was to take place on the dock at W. 151 St. et, and a special boat which was to transport the party to Croton-on-the-Hudson. The raft had a new club banner, in artistic blue letters on a snow white field. Some toy balloons were taken by members of the party, which the ladies used to sport with, but rough usage soon obliterated them, and the ladies accused the gallant young gentlemen with ungallant conduct. It was a chilly morning as the start was made, which necessitated vigorous activities to keep warm, therefore, tag was engaged in, which seemed appropriate and suitably answered the purpose intended. The captain of the craft was somewhat perturbed, because his strong voice rang out in Stentorian tones "Sit down, you are rocking the boat." The members of the club being well grounded in "discipline" acquiesced with little persuasion to the will of the "Big Fellow."

All kinds of amusements were engaged in, and outside of our first game, the Captain was graciously indulgent. This brought us to our point of landing at Croton-on-the-Hudson.

It was considerably after one P.M. and the gentlemen seemed so peeved the ladies soon recognized their temperamental and knew the reason. At once they began looking over the viands prepared, and soon had a beautiful spot selected to locate and began spreading everything from soup to nuts. The dinner out of the way, and every boy tearing himself away from the table with one of those smiles you so well know—self-satisfying—on a full stomach, they hid out where swimming was good and proceeded to enjoy this sport.

Timer, our champion human fish, put on an exhibition before the crowd by turning head over heels more than fifty times in the water. After going over the amusement places and bathing, our launch left for home at six o'clock. During the day a couple dozen snapshots were taken, and it is expected to furnish pleasing memory of a great day. Just before the return, the writer was unlucky enough to succumb to an attack of tonsillitis and fever from the heat, but able care by the fair sex had him right again. The following persons made up the party: Misses Lieberz, Thomas, E. Sherman, M. Sherman, Atkinson, Bernstein, Leahy, Kremen, and Messrs. Deonges, Hester, "Timer, Morris, Schatzkin, Gillen, Seandel, Riley, Mr. and Mrs. Nimmo and Mr. and Mrs. O. Loew.

As will be seen by reference to the Atlanta notice elsewhere in this issue, the Pennsylvania Terminal at 33d Street is going to be a busy place for Deaf people towards noon Saturday, July 9th, when at 11:10 (railroad, not city time) the two Pullman Car loads of delegates for the Atlanta Convention leave, and among the travelers will be, besides the half dozen New Yorkers, Messrs O'Rourke and Flynn of Maine, Messrs. Meacham, Haggerty, Beauchamp, Stirling, McMahon, Gagnier, (Mass.) Shea (N. H.) Pres. Beauchamp and wife, Messrs. Rock-deshel, Courtmanche, Chandler and Magill (Rhode Island), O'Connell, Stevenson, Fancher, Marshall (Conn.), Norton and Davis, (Buffalo), H-fernan (Rochester), Lee (Syracuse), Thomas (Utica), Bailey (Albany), Hoppage (Newark), and still others. The train will pick up George S. Porter at Treanton, and Messrs. Brady and Roach at Philadelphia, and at Washington a third Pullman will be attached containing the delegates who have concentrated at that point. New Yorkers who can get away, will find it interesting if they can join in and give the glad hand and a farewell to the travelers.

There was a party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Herbst, of Jersey City, in honor of their 10th wedding anniversary. A lot of presents were received, including a large collection of aluminum and cut glass. There was dancing and games were played, and a very nice supper at midnight. Those who were present were: Mr. and Mrs. Rughardt, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Schlip, Mr. and Mrs. L. Davis, Mr. Schlip, Mr. and Mrs. L. Davis, Mr. J. Guntz, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanlapo, Mr. and Mrs. C. Lewis, Mrs. Kauridde, Misses Josie Connors, Lizzie Cullin, Pauline Mathni, Mrs.

Weisburg, Mrs. M. Costello, Mrs. Constantine, Mary Constantine, Annetta Aversa, Louisa Rex, Grace McNally, Mrs. Sanford, Lillie Jenka, Anna Onanlan, Arthur Grace, John Hunt, James McMahon, Paul Gaffney, Addy Link, Joe Pretel, John Murphy, Frank Lungen, Author Constantine, Herley Brandall, Willie Waterbury, John Marvin, Vallie Herbst. The next morning they received a night telegram from his sister, at Los Angeles, California, wishing them the best of luck and sending a very nice gift from the west, which all are anxious to see.

On July 9th, the Deaf-Mutes' Union League holds an Outing and Games at Ulmer Park Athletic Field. This announcement would not be necessary as on fourth page there is a display ad, but the committee wish to add that all who attend will be looked after, as ample protection will be accorded to all, so all those who desire to enjoy a royal good afternoon and evening under the auspices of the senior organization of the Deaf—the Deaf-Mutes' Union League—should be on hand early.

The committee intends to start the baseball game as early as possible, so that there will be ample time to run off all of the games.

The prizes will be medals for track events for the 2 mile run, a silver cup, and actual valuable prizes in all other events. So don't fail to attend the banner event of the season.

Among the throng that sweltered through the 3d of July heat at Rye Beach were a number of the Owls, who by the way, are such a happy lot when they get together that they were able at times to forget their discomfort. Some went into the water and "reflected" their coolness on those who unfortunately arrived too late to obtain a bathhouse.

It was quite a family affair. Among those present were the Messrs Gorman, Marshall, Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, their children, who luckily came with friends by auto. For guests there were Mr. and Mrs. Ira Poorman, Miss Mabel Hall and Mr. Harry Gillen, Papa Abraham Marshall, the near-octogenarian up-to-date, whose mentality and judgment were declared remarkable for his age.

It may not be amiss to remark here that the next reception in honor of the next Owl who is to pass through the city, will be in honor of Miss Cloa G. Lamson, of Ohio, around the tenth of September.

There are some really new things at Luna Park, and a visit there is more delightful than ever, and the circus is certainly a worth while feature. The big card is the wonderful work of Powers elephants, exactly the same performance being given as at the Hippodrome, of which the Powers pachyderms were always a big feature. There are other good circuses and while the circus is free to Luna's guests, there is a small charge for grand stand seats.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Tomlinson, of Winnipeg Manitoba, Canada, and their wittingly beautiful little two-year-old daughter, Jean, were given a reception at the apartments of Rev. and Mrs. Kent, on Tuesday last week. About thirty friends were present. Mrs. Tomlinson is a sister of Mrs. Kent, and Mr. Tomlinson, besides being a teacher at the Manitoba Institution, is editor of the *Echo*. Light refreshments were served and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

Miss Catharine Bredemeyer was married to Lorenz Heuser at St. Ann's Church, Saturday afternoon, by the Rev. John H. Kent. Only immediate relatives of the couple were present. The attendants were Martin P. O'Rourke, best man, and Mrs. Isabella Fomire, Matron of honor. After a wedding collation at Guffanti's, the couple left for a trip to Atlantic City. They will make their home in Paterson, N. J.

George and "Ted" Lounsbury are in camp with the 71st, at Peaks kill, the former as a lieutenant, and his brother as a sergeant, and as they took their car with them, for the period of camp, their good mother, Mrs. Margaret B. Lounsbury, for whose pleasure the boys bought the car, will forego the rides she has been enjoying, for the next two weeks.

Miss Selma Frankenthaler was united in holy matrimony to Mr. Oscar Foland, on Sunday, June 26th. Rev. Mr. Amateau conducted the marriage ceremony. Only immediate relatives of the bride and groom were present at the wedding ceremony and dinner. Congratulations and happiness to the newly married couple.

Andrew Seny, of Wilmington, Del., was in New York for several days last week. He expected to go to Ossining, N. Y., to work as an interior decorator. He called at the JOURNAL office to renew his subscription and later visited the Broadway photographic studio of Mr. Alexander L. Pach.

A reception was held on Sunday, June 26th, in honor of engagement of Mr. Joseph Zeiss and Miss Rebecca Halpern. A very enjoyable time was had. Rebecca can be seen nowadays sporting a beautiful wrist watch, the gift of her future mother-in-law, besides the sparkler from Joe. Besides relatives and friends present, the following deaf attended: Messrs. and Mesdames S. Greenberg, L. Fischer, L. Baker, L. Blumenthal, M. Rosenberg, Mrs. Mayer, Miss Sallie Kerten, Mrs. Anna Swey, Dave Bereb.

Paul Barnes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Culmer E. Barnes, besides being one of this year's honor graduates of Fort Washington School, had the distinction of being editor-in-Chief of "Ye Fort Washington Courier."

Miss Cecile Hunter has returned from a week's vacation at Port Jefferson, L. I. She contemplates spending the week-ends through the summer at that place, where her sister, Mrs. Lowell Mason, has purchased a bungalow.

The Deaf-Mutes Artists Club will have an outing to Highland Beach on July 16th. Boat leaves Battery at 9:30 A.M. Their friends are cordially invited to accompany them.

PITTSBURGH.

As the heated season arrives slackers and shirkers multiply, it seems. Perhaps that accounts for the lack of interesting events, to put on record or the torpor of the reporting bureau. Anyhow, it has been a task to get off a regular sort of write-up in this heated corner of our district. Many are experiencing the slump in business activities, the natural aftermath of unprecedented prosperity in the labor field. Many of our people are entirely out of work and many others working on a fraction of full time. As a consequence, the social side is considerably neglected, and "stay at home and saw wood" seems to be the rule generally.

The Edgewood alumni athletes are still active in the baseball field and have a schedule on the boards for the summer. They got out to the school grounds two or three times a week for twilight games. They are getting pretty well drilled, as was shown in their last game with the school team June 14th, day before closing. The Alumni had been defeated a number of times by the home team, and they took it out on them in the last game. Under the management of Mr. Painter, the Ex-Boys put up a splendid contest, and came out on top as a result of improved team work and brilliant individual playing. Revenge was sweet. The boys will make a good showing during the summer doubtless, since they will have time for practice.

The graduating class at the Edgewood school had a great send-off. Besides being feted and otherwise advertised before closing day, they had an unusual program that day which brought an unusually large crowd.

An extra feature was the unveiling of a portrait in oil of Dr. Burt, presented to the Institution by the Alumni Association. The portrait was done by M. Sylvestre, of New York, formerly of Pittsburgh. It is considered an excellent likeness of the beloved superintendent who has guided the destinies of the Institution for the past 32 years.

The portrait was presented in a neat address by Mr. Samuel Nichols, President of the Alumni Association, and unveiled by Catherine Havens, daughter of Elmer S. Havens, and Dick Friend, son of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Friend. The portrait was accepted on behalf of the Institution by J. Charles Wilson, president of the Board of Trustees.

The climax of the closing exercises was not on the program and came as a general surprise to everybody, even to the superintendent. This was a wedding, and created much interest in the hearing portion of the audience, as it was altogether new to a great majority and is still talked about among those who are regular at closing exercises.

Mr. Raymond Coombs and Miss Hertel were the contracting couple. They faced the large audience and were united, for weal or woe, by Dr. Sheridan W. Bell, and interpreted by Prof. Roberts, of the Inst. staff. The ring ceremony was used. The happy couple received many hearty congratulations and "God speed" after the ceremony. They will reside, we understand, in Homestead. The Messrs Theresa and Carolyn Rolshouse, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rolshouse, are expected to arrive home this evening from Reading, where they have been visiting relatives for the past two weeks. Miss Theresa stopped over at Reading on her way from Morganton, N. C., where she has been teaching the past term of school.

G. M. T.

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS, Fort Smith, Ark.

CHICAGO.

It takes, indeed, a patient soul to analyze a lump of coal; To find at last—or so I want— Things aren't as black as they may seem.

And have your finding printed, lad, As Mister Coalman's full-page ad.

Dr. Geo. T. Dougherty, chemist for the American Steel Foundries, unconsciously sprung a new one when he went hunting for his winter's supply of coal. He took and analyzed samples of several good brands of coal from his dealer, then wrote a letter giving the analysis of the two best. The coal dealer was so impressed with this indisputable proof of the carbon burning qualities of his favorite staple that he reproduced Dr. Dougherty's letter verbatim, in a full-page ad. in *The Black Diamond*—official organ of the coal trade association.

And yet some fools think we deaf have no brains!

Johnnye Purdum—the latest genius to flash across the firmament of Chicago deafdom—is enthusiastically leading his co-workers in corraling Nads. Besides himself and temporary secretary-treasurer E. M. Rowe, the Purdumites authorized to receive memberships in the National Association for the Deaf are: J. D. Sullivan, Miss Mabel McDonald, Morton Henry, Mrs. Cecilia Lamb, W. J. LaMotte, S. H. Howard, C. Sharpnack, Walter Smith, H. Buell, E. Kundston, Veldo Bardeen, and Miss Haack.

XYXT? June 18th, petite and charming Mrs. Ward Small conducted a strawberry social of the "unusual" sort—unusual in that it was run for fun and sociability rather than for profit. None of the customary sandbagging and highway robbery. New games no charge. The crowd was not what it might have been, due to the conflict with the I. A. D. meeting date, but at that was well patronized. If there were only some way to ascertain beforehand when Chicago would have low-priced, high-grade fun-frolics like that and the Penny Party, the crowds would be enormous. As it is, so many punk socials alternate with the good ones, that a medium-sized crowd attends all.

Otto Mallman, the promising young lightweight, had his picture in the *Daily News* recently, under his ring name of "Dummy Whurley." (His manager bestowed that repulsive "Dummy" thing on him, and Otto, while a brave man, does not seem brave enough to punch his manager's jaw if he don't tax his thinking more alliterative, like "Manslaughter Mallman, the Merciless Mute.") Something new was sprung in his last fight—with Jimmie Dunn, in Lafayette, Ind. Dunn took advantage of Mallman's deafness, rushed across the ring as he saw the timer reach for the bell to start the first round, and knocked the unsuspecting Mallman down just he had half risen from his stool. Brain work? Mallman then proceeded methodically to learn the hayseed Hoosier manners, using him as a chopping block and winning the decision in six rounds. Brawn work!

Mrs. Dick Long and daughter, Juliet, went to week-end in Logansport. Daughter Hazel didn't—preferred to auto around with pals. Mrs. Dick and Juliet returned hale and hearty. Hazel sprained her lovely ankle getting out of the auto, so Hazel spent a week in bed with Witch Hazel.

A quarter-million bathers thronged the beaches as the lake swimming season opened June 18th. The 53rd Street beach probably saw the largest turn-out of silents, and may become the acknowledged rendezvous.

At the meeting of the I. A. D., June 18th, the trustees reported inability to agree on a home site. Next meeting at the S. A. C., October 22d.

The frats have secured special tickets to Riverview, July 30th—general admission thirty cents, tickets bearing stubs giving reduced rates on various concessions. Get yours from a frat.

The cost of living dropped 2.3 per cent in May; is still 62 per cent above the pre-war standard.

June 21st, the Goodyear at Akron recalled 1200 employees, due to a steady gain in the volume of business with dealers. At the same time Goodyear made sweeping reductions in the prices of all tires—averaging ten to 23 per cent. Goodyear common stock (the week previous sold at \$5.75 per share), was that day quoted at a low of \$7.50. In 1920 it sold at a high of \$410 per share. The deaf have uncounted thousands of dollars invested in Goodyear common, which they bitterly regard as practically worthless today. Investors should hold it at all costs, as it can't go lower, and will probably go very much higher in the next three years. Rumor has it that the Paul Martins, now in San Francisco, became parents of a baby boy June 14th.

A. Mudlaff, C. Williams and A. Hotzner, motorcycled to Fox Lake, June 19th, to fish. For fish.

Miss Carolyn Bagossi, Bloomington, vacationed in Chicago.

Frank Johnson, the Sac booster, proved unable to resist the winsome

charms of a fair oralist, Miss Irma Arnold, so has been fired from the Bachelor's Club for getting married June 11th. Johnson has for four year sbeen a cylinder pressfeeder at Rand McNally's, and so, to be frank, Frank is competent to do all the "pressing" he pleases. (This is not the Frank Johnson from Gal-laudet College).

June 18th, the Sacs beat the Sher-man Park Meteors, 11 to 6—their third straight game.

Nathan Fadden is still in town, but—

The H. E. Snyders, Jacksonville, are summering in Chicago—caring for the Hasenstab home, while the Hasenstabs summer in their cottage on Lake Delavan.

Newest idea in calling cards: reproduction of the manual alphabet, with two very small lines beneath, "Compliments of Leslie Larsen, member N. F. S. D., S. A. C., N. A. D., and I. A. D." Larsen knows it pays to advertise.

Mrs. George Schriver and daughter Jean attended the alumni reunion of the Rochester school, June 17-19, it is reported.

Mrs. Raymond Markel, for the past two years a teacher at the Vancouver, Washington, school, spent several days in Chicago with her sister, Helen—all Sacs know "Helen" means Mrs. Johnnie Sullivan. Mrs. Markel brought back her boy-hubby, whom she bagged during the open season on unsuspecting bachelors. Next fall she teaches the young idiots how to shout in the local Parker Practice school.

Chas. Blackburn is auto-camping around, taking his vacation from Goodyear.

Little or nothing on tap here around the Glorious Fourth. As Izzy Newman adroitly puts it: "Chicago will be as dead as the kick in near-beer."

CHICAGO'S SUMMER PLACUES

Persistent picnic-ticket sellers. Poison ivy. Flies and mosquitoes. Umpires. Alphabet-card peddlers. Hives. Nad-frat Knockers. Landlords. Bathing-suit censors. Sunburn.

The big brutes—not subscribers to the JOURNAL—who kick big chunks in the atmosphere because their names are not in the paper.

And then kick later because they are.

Dates ahead: July 2-3-4—"Frat-ternival," at Delavan (some thirty Chicagoans expected). Several others going camping on The Dunes (soon to become a National). Others swim at 53d St. beach. July 4th, the Pas has a basket picnic in Lincoln park, meeting at 10 A.M. at North avenue and Clark—near Grant monument. July 9th, Gathering on the Washington park tennis courts (55th St. entrance, then 200 yards to the North) to meet delegates to the Grand Frat Convention in Atlanta. Special train leaves 12th St. station at 10 that night, city time. July 16th—Bunco, Pas.

THE MRAGHERS.

MARRIED.

Saturday evening, July 2d, in historic Saint Luke's Church, Rochester, N. Y., Miss Hazel Blanche Himes and Mr. Harry Borman Benowitz, both of Rochester, were united in marriage, the Rev. H. C. Merrill, of Utica, officiating. The witnesses were Mr. and Mrs. John Francis and Misses Gertrude McLaughlin, Frances Greif and Rosella Greif. After the ceremony the happy couple left for a wedding trip to Buffalo. Both Mr. and Mrs. Benowitz were educated at the Rochester School. They will make their home in Rochester, where Mr. Benowitz has a good position.

Almost ever since J. O. Mills opened one of his restaurants, two years ago in Cleveland, the management have shown a spirit of kindness in accepting deaf women as workers, disregarding their afflictions, doing pantry work. The workers are exceedingly pleased with their work—each one working at different hours. The oldest worker is Mrs. Fred Krue, nee Gertrude Wallace, who has been there over one year and half, Mrs. David Friedman, nee Lillian Peet, Mrs. John McKibben, nee Mary Sayre, Miss Mary Treppka, all of Cleveland, and Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson, nee Hemming of St. Louis, Mo., are recent additions.

The Mills Restaurant is one of the largest, and finest and cleanest serve-self restaurants in Cleveland.

Mr. Mills is also the owner of one restaurant in Cincinnati O., and another in Columbus, O.

Pittsburgh Returned Presbyter-ian Church.

Eighth St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

REV. T. H. ACHESON, Pastor. Mrs. J. M. KIRBY, Mute Interpreter.

Sabbath School—2 P.M. Sermon—3 P.M.

Christian Endeavor—4:15 P.M. Everybody Welcome.

PHILADELPHIA.

Commencement was held today at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, Mt. Airy.

Eleven graduates received diplomas in the chapel of Wissinoming Hall.

Every graduate and many of the younger students participated in the program, which was opened with a Scripture reading by Dorothy Freeburn, a graduate. Prayer was offered by the Rev. C. C. Tyler, and the primary class gave a demonstration of its work under the direction of Miss Rees, a teacher.

The intermediate class gave a demonstration of lip reading, directed by Miss MacGrath, and essays written by the graduates were read. A. R. Montgomery, president of the Institution, awarded the diplomas and John Lewis Evans delivered the address to the graduates. Prizes were awarded by the Ladies' Committee.

A center of attraction was the three honor pupils, Katherine May Frick, a ward of the State, and Pearl and George Watkeys, who are blind in addition to being deaf-mutes.

Prizes included eight, aggregating \$80, provided by Mrs. John H. Brinton, Chairman of the Ladies' Committee; sixteen aggregating \$33, by Mrs. Arthur H. Lea; twenty new hats and one dress, by Miss Nina Lea; three in cash, aggregating \$12, by Mrs. Mary Binyne Evans in memory of Rowland Evans; one of \$5 for the best all-round scholar; the Superintendent's Prize of \$5 for perseverance in lip-reading, and the alumni prize.

The graduates are: Mildred Florence Buckland, Helen Dorothy Freeburn, Dorothy May Holzinger, Gladys Helen Hopkins, Eva Oakesalavage, Annie Paskowski, Reba Christine Rowe, Gladys May Singer, Dorothy William Storm, Edward Ficht Kaercher and Moulton Frederick Wolfe.—*Evening Bulletin*, June 23, 1921.

At the residence of Albert Wolf on June 14th, William Rothenmund and Albert Wolf tendered a farewell bachelor party to George H. King, who was married to Mary Elizabeth Golden, of Bryn Mawr, on June 22d. Among those present were Hugh Cusack, James Jennings, John A. Roach, James Barret and Robert Robinson. The ceremony was performed in Our Mother of Good Counsel Church in the afternoon.

June 19th was Mrs. William F. Irvin's natal day, and in order to make it a real happy anniversary, her two daughters, Mrs. Mabel Hume and Lillian sprung a little surprise on her in the evening, which was very successful and enjoyable. She had been spirited to the "movies," and on her return home found friends awaiting her, who greeted, congratulated and presented her gifts. After passing a very pleasant social time refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, ice-cream, cakes and coffee, were served. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Ira M. Poorman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. James Stover, Mrs. Herbert Scott, Mrs. Thos. D. Delp and Miss Helen Delp, of East Lansdowne, Pa., Miss Whitelock, of Wilmington, Del., sister of Mrs. Stover, Mrs. J. S. Reider, Mr. Wm F. Irvin and the daughters above named. The Irvin live in a beautiful home in Collingswood, N. J., about five miles from Camden.

A fire early in June did considerable damage in the shoe factory where Mr. Im M. Poorman works in Brooklyn, N. Y., forced him to take an early vacation. He spent it by visiting his home folks, in company with his wife, in Western Pennsylvania. They returned East on June 14th, visiting the Irvin family and friends in Philadelphia. After attending the Pulver ordination service at All Souls' they returned home in the evening.

An unusually large attendance was at the meeting of the Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., in All Souls' Parish House, on Saturday evening, June 18th. After routine business had been dispatched, Mr. J. S. Reider was called upon to give the life story of Stephen Girard, which proved very interesting. Few, if any, knew more about Girard than that he was the founder of Girard College. Mr. Reider showed that he had a most eventful and successful career, besides being a Revolutionary patriot and the richest man in America in his time.

Mrs. Ross V. Mohr shook the dust of Philadelphia off her skirts and departed for Cleveland, O., to rejoin her husband, on Saturday evening, June 18th. She will be missed here, where she has many friends and was long one of the shining lights of the Philadelphia Society of the Deaf. We wish her all success and a happy future in her new place.

Mr. Robert M. Robertson, of Newark, N. J., Mr. Kelly Stevens, Miss Clema Meley, Miss Mary Sommers and Fred Walz from Trenton, N. J., and several others, were visitors in Philadelphia on Sunday, June 19th, the day of the Pulver ordination service at All Souls' Church.

Mrs. Rhehel, mother of Mrs. J. S. Rodgers, visited her daughter at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in the middle part of June. After her return Mrs. Rodgers left, on June 19th, to spend the summer, also in Poughkeepsie. Next, Mr. Rodgers will spend the Fourth with wife there.

Mrs. Irby H. Marchman, of this city, and Miss Nancy Cossette, of Meriden, Ct., will leave together for Atlanta, Ga., on Saturday, July 2d. They will make a short stop in Washington, D. C., then proceed to the Southern destination by rail.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Dorworth are rejoicing over the arrival of a boy, born on June 26th. Congratulations!

The Frats' ice cream social in Saturday night, June 25th, was an enjoyable and successful affair.

On Sunday, June 12th, Mr. Jas. L. Patterson was host to one of Mr. and Mrs. Weeney's boys on a trip on the Delaware River. Needless to say the younger enjoyed it greatly.

Mrs. Kate Clemmer, of North Wales, Pa., was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ormrod of this city.

An uncle of Miss Kate Moyer, who was a retired Methodist minister of Bingen, Pa., died recently and was buried in a Philadelphia cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Garbet and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Morgan, of Scranton, Pa., were other visitors at the recent ordination.

James W. Hendrickson, of Norristown, Pa., makes frequent trips to Philadelphia. On his last visit he attended the Frat ice cream social.

Miss Flossie Bennett, of Vineland, N. J., is spending a couple of weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maurer in Mt. Airy.

Mr. Frank Christman, of Sellersville, Pa., gave the members of the Literary Association an interesting talk on June 16th.

Miss K. P. Jansen, of Columbus, Ohio, has been visiting in Philadelphia for some time. She also visited an aunt in Pottstown, Pa. We were pleased to meet her.

ATLANTA.

SPECIAL NOTICE

To all attending N. F. S. D. Convention.—

Owing to the fact that arrangements were made for delegates going to Atlanta through New York City by sea to Savannah, before the half fare returning on certificate plan was arranged for, and due to the fact that the half fare return rate does not hold if trip is made by sea, the plans have been changed as follows:

Delegates and visitors will take Pennsylvania-Seaboard R. R. train leaving P. R. R. Terminal, 33d Street, New York City, Saturday, July 9th, at 11:10 A.M. Eastern Standard Time, which train arrives at Atlanta on Sunday, July 10th, at 3:50 P.M.

At Washington, D. C., the train will pick up the party leaving that city at 5 P.M., and all will journey together to destination.

The Seaboard Line will put on extra Pullman coaches to accommodate this traffic, space for which has been arranged for all who had engaged state-rooms for the City of Montgomery. Others who desire it should communicate with the undersigned.

Those who still prefer to go by sea to Savannah on the 9th, should send funds to cover, \$35.41, to GEORGE R. ANGEVINE, G. P. A., Savannah Line, Pier 35 N. R., New York.

Those who start from Penn. Terminal on Saturday, July 9th, should ask ticket Agent for Certificate (not receipt) when buying ticket.

The through fare, New York to Atlanta, is \$34.01, Pullman Lower Berth \$10.53 (includes war tax).

Reports from Atlanta give every indication that there will be an attendance of many more than the 350 required certificates showing purchases of tickets costing 67 cents or more.

Everybody going, delegates and visitors alike, should procure certificates, showing this notice to ticket agents, or stating that they are going to the N. F. S. D. Convention at Atlanta, Ga.

All who come from New England must buy their tickets in New York, but all who start from up-State points in New York should buy their single ticket to Atlanta from their home station, asking agent to make ticket read via Pennsylvania Railroad—Seaboard Air Line Railway.

Do not forget to give ticket agent ample time to make out your ticket and certificate. Buy it well ahead of train time.

The train carrying the combined New York and Washington party is known as No. 5, leaves New York 11:10 A.M., Saturday, due at Washington at 5 P.M., Richmond, Va., 8:35 P.M., Raleigh, N. C., 2:40 A.M., and due at Atlanta Sunday afternoon at 3:50.

Dining car serves all meals.

ALEXANDER L. PACH, Grand Vice-President.

111 Broadway, New York.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The California Association of the Deaf will hold its regular biennial Convention at Druid's Hall, 44 Page Street, San Francisco, commencing at 7 P. M., July 2d and on July 4th, hold a big picnic on the grounds of the California School at Berkeley.

Mr. Melville Matheis, of Los Angeles will attend the C. A. D. convention. While up here he will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Martin. It is 16 years since he left San Francisco (at the time of the great disaster) and his many old friends will be delighted to meet him again. He will find San Francisco a more stupendous city. It is rumored he will run for the presidency of the C. A. D. If so, he is the right man for the place. It is time a Los Angeleno headed the C. A. D., as the Southern California deaf have looked upon it as merely a Northern California affair.

Mr. Paul Martin is wearing smiles these days. It is a fine boy. The little stranger arrived on June 14th. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Tyhurst have removed over to Oakland, as the Johnson Gear Co. have a new and bigger factory in Berkeley now and have moved from San Francisco. Douglas Tilden also employed by this firm. Nevertheless Mr. Tyhurst has decided to remain with San Francisco Division No. 53, N. F. S. D., instead of transferring to Berkeley Division, as he finds the old crowd more fascinating—just like the city by the Golden Gate.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Lynch lately moved from Stockton to San Francisco. They are former residents of Portland, Oregon.

The writer lately met Mr. Charles LeClerc at one of the social events. The writer asked him what became of his crutches. He replied that they were in hock.

The Comrade Club of Sacramento held a banquet on June 11th at the Hotel Laund. The club is growing steadily and meets regularly. It is the only organization for the deaf in the Sacramento Valley.

Clinton Benedict, of Porterville, was married to Miss Mabel Gilbert of Sonoma County, on June 23d. After a honeymoon in the Yosemite Valley, they will reside upon Mr. Benedict's ranch in the San Joaquin Valley.

Mr. Jean Barthe and Miss Louis Jensen were united in matrimony at the home of the bride's parents in Selma, Fresno County, June 16th. The gift of the bride's father to the happy couple was an automobile, in which they expect to make a tour of the coast cities. Later on they will reside in Livermore.

Mrs. Edward Brodrick expects to leave soon for an extended visit with her sister at Fort Worth, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Leandro Maldonado are contemplating a visit east to the home of Mrs. Maldonado's parents.

Mrs. Agnes Campbell, of Tucson, Arizona, is at present at the home of her parents in Fresno, recovering from the effects of a recent operation.

Mr. Melvin Davidson, of Mexico, but more recently of Los Angeles, has returned home after accumulating much experience and some extra pounds or avoirdupois. He reports fine treatment, and his looks do not belie his statements.

Mrs. L. C. Williams, has returned from Potter Valley and is at present staying with her daughter in Alameda. She is awaiting repairs to her summer home on the Russian river, before proceeding there.

Mr. Harold B. Simpson has returned to San Francisco from Los Angeles and Fresno. He has a good position and intends to remain here. He is a Frat.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Wright have returned to San Francisco from Atlanta, Ga. They were in Los Angeles for a while on the way back. Mr. Wright has been transferred from Atlanta Division to San Francisco Division, N. F. S. D.

We learn that Mr. N. Pike will return to San Francisco from Akron, Ohio, after he attends the N. F. S. D. Convention at Atlanta. When he gets back the band will be able to strike up "Hail! The gang is all here!"

Mr. M. F. Johnson, vice-president of San Francisco Division No. 53, N. F. S. D., and Miss Lucille Bower, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony lately.

The U. S. Department of Commerce places the population of Metropolitan San Francisco at over 1,121,000.

Berkeley police today turned over to the juvenile court a 10-year-old deaf and dumb boy caught robbing relief collection boxes in the First National Bank, Berkeley, Sunday night.

The boy gained entrance by climbing a tin drainpipe to a high transom over a side door. He was inspecting the doors to the vault, which he could not possibly have opened, when the police arrived.—San Francisco Call.

Allen Daggett, 14 years old, is in a critical condition as the result of

injuries received when heat tempted to dodge two Key Route trains at Fortieth and Adeline streets, Oakland. He suffered a possible fracture of the skull and cuts and bruises. His 11-year-old brother, Forrest, escaped uninjured. Daggett is a student at the Oakland Technical High School and sells papers. The parents, who live at 974 Forty-second street, are deaf and dumb.—San Francisco Bulletin.

After being unable to speak for five months, Harry M. Elliot, 23, inmate of Letterman General Hospital, today has recovered the use of his voice through treatment by Captain B. Fletcher of the hospital staff.

Elliott lost his voice while in Tien-Tsin, China. After consulting several throat specialists, both military and civilian, and being told, according to him, that "you'll never be able to speak again," he was returned to this country May 19th. Under Captain Fletcher's treatment he recovered, and his first words were poured forth in happy thanks.—San Francisco Call.

Miss Ethel Pryor, of Shasta, though deaf since she was three years old, through a gift of dramatic expression, sense of rhythm, talent, natural grace and indomitable spirit, has risen to heights considered insurmountable for one handicapped almost from birth by Nature.

The girl, doomed from babyhood to only a laborious use of the ordinary gift of speech and totally deaf, proved beyond a doubt in a Redding theater the other night that real music and poetic fire are things of the soul and will find expression.

Miss Pryor can have not even a conception, except mentally, of the sound of music, and yet, with grace she sways to the beat of the rhythm in perfect time. When asked how she could do this she said, her big brown eyes alight with wonder and mystery, "I cannot explain—it is something within me." Beyond the fact that she is given a signal showing when the music is to begin, she has no sound to guide her as she interprets the story unfolded by it.

She creates all her own dances and designs her own costumes.

Recovering from a spell of spinal meningitis, she was left totally deaf at the age of three. At five her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Pryor, sent her to a public school for the deaf in San Francisco. Here she gradually learned the formation of sounds and at last could hold her own with anyone in speech. Here, too, she mastered the difficult art of lip-reading.

Until she finished the Seventh Grade, the little girl remained in the special school, but then came back home to Shasta and went through the eighth and ninth grades with her older physically normal playmates with the best of them, and finished her education in the ordinary branches of learning at the Polytechnic High School of Oakland. After graduation she decided "just for fun" to take a course in the Summer school at Berkeley, and there, to her intense delight, she found the means of expression Nature had denied her.

Some lessons with Anita Peters Wright, San Francisco's famous dancing teacher, followed, and when the latter was called on by the California Theater to send some dancers for a special act, Miss Pryor was among the number sent. Aghast at the idea of a deaf person being a dancer, the manager at first was loath to give Miss Pryor the chance she craved, but her pleading brown eyes and her eager "Just try me and see" won the day, and from that first appearance her success was instantaneous and assured.—Sacramento Bee.

The San Francisco Frats have moved back to Druid's Hall, 44 Page St., and hold their monthly business meeting on the second Tuesday. D. S. LUDDY.

Although he is deaf, dumb and blind, Billie Bowe escaped from the Wayne country infirmary, walked to this place, a distance of three miles, boarded a freight train, sat down between the bumpers and went to Williamson, W. Va., a distance of seventy miles.

The authorities at Williamsop, because of Bowe's infirmities were unable to learn anything concerning him until he was identified by an employe of the Norfolk & Western railroad as a man he had seen at the Wayne country infirmary and he was returned there.—Buffalo Inquirer, June 8.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf
Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.
Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Hatlie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Lectures, socials and other events according to local annual program and special announcements at services.
The deaf cordially invited.

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

I shall be pleased to submit to the investor a list of investment suggestions which includes only bonds entirely secured by a first mortgage on the properties of good and sound railroad, public utility and industrial companies, and

YIELDING FROM

6% to 8%

ENQUIRIES GLADLY ANSWERED.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

18 West 107th Street
NEW YORK CITY

Member National Association of the Deaf
Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf
Member New England Gallaudet Association
12 years Correspondent of

LEE, HIGGINSON AND COMPANY

Established 1842

BOSTON

CHICAGO

TENTH ANNUAL

PICNIC and GAMES

AUSPICES OF

Knights of De l'Epee

AT

Ulmer Park Athletic Field

5TH AVENUE, BROOKLYN

Saturday, July 16, 1921

TICKETS, (including War Tax) 50 CENTS

BASEBALL GAME

United States Rubber Co. vs. Some Good Team

MEN

3-mile run
440-yard run
100-yard dash
1-mile walk
Fat men's race
1-mile relay

FOR LADIES AND KIDDIES

50-yard dash
Ball throwing (distance)
50 yard rope-jumping race
25 yard dash (Boys)
25-yard dash (Girls)
Ball throwing (distance)

Gold medal for first; silver medal for second; bronze medal for third in Men's Games.

An entry fee will be charged for all games under the heading "For Men," except for Fat Men's Race.

Address all communications to

JOHN P. HAFF,

2542 Seventh Ave., New York City.

ANNUAL

Prize Masquerade Ball

GIVEN BY—

DETROIT DIVISION, No 2

N. F. S. D.

Saturday, November 19, 1921

AT

CONCORDIA HALL, 8th Floor, Temple Building
21 MONROE AVENUE

Detroit, Mich.

ADMISSION, 50 CENTS

COMMITTEE

IVAN HEYMANSON, Chairman

RION HOEL
CAMIR SADOFSKY
A. MECK

T. R. LEACH
S. A. GOTH
R. STARK

WM. RHEINER
J. D. ULRICH
J. E. CROUGH

PICNIC and OUTING

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

LUTHERAN GUILD FOR DEAF

TO BE HELD AT

Association Hall Park

Myrtle Ave. and 109th St.,
RICHMOND HILL, L. I.

Saturday Afternoon, Aug. 13

New Games Fine Bowling Prizes

Direction to Reach Park—At Park Row take Lexington "L" trains "Jamaica," and get off at 111th Street Station, walk four blocks west; or take Myrtle "L" trains to Wyckoff Station and change to Richmond Hill trolley car.

NOTICE.

During July and August services at St. Ann's Church will be at 10:30 A. M. Rev. Mr. Kent expects to be in town all summer, and will be glad to give his services to any of the deaf who call on him.

Something New and Unique

Indoor Field Athletics and Games

under the auspices of

WOMAN'S PARISH AID SOCIETY

FOR THE BUILDING FUND

Saturday Evening, Oct. 14th

(Particulars later.)

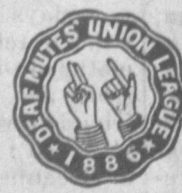
Afternoon

Evening

OUTING and GAMES

AUSPICES

Deaf-Mutes' Athletic



Union League

Branch

AT

Ulmer Park Athletic Field

FOOT 5TH AVE., BROOKLYN

Take West End Subway (4th Avenue Brooklyn Subway) to 25th Avenue Station, then walk a few blocks to Park.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1921, Gate open at 1 p.m.

MUSIC BY A JAZZ BAND

Tickets, (Including War Tax) 55 Cents

PROGRAM

BASE BALL GAME—Deaf-Mutes' Union League vs. Silent Athletic Club.

TRACK EVENTS—(No entrance fee, but all must pay admission to Park and send entry in on or before June 25, 1921.) Prizes to First and Second in each event.

MEN

100 Yards Dash
440 Yards Run
2-Mile Run
8-Legged Race (50 Yds.)

LADIES

Ball Throwing 50-Yards Run

Entries close June 25th, 1921, with Joseph Welsman, 148 West 125th Street, New York City.

COMMITTEE

JOSEPH WHISMAN, Chairman
CHARLES SUSSMAN Sec'y HENRY PETERA, Treasurer
SAMUEL LOWENBERG JOSEPH GOLDSTEIN

"3--Bs." Better Brighter Bigger Picnic

AUSPICES OF

Greater New York Div. No. 23,

N. F. S. D.

August 20th, 1921

Particulars next week

ALLEN HITCHCOCK, Chairman.

Ho! For Floral Park and a Good Time.

PICNIC and FRATERNIVAL

Newark Division, No. 42, N. F. S. D.

AT FLORAL PARK

Jane Street and Boulevard,

North Bergen, N. J.

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, August 27, 1921

MUSIC BY MRS. BEGGS' BAND

ADMISSION, including War Tax, 55 Cents
(Children under 10 years of age, Free)

DANCING BASE-BALL PRIZE BOWLING

TRACK EVENTS FREE TO ALL
Cash Prizes to Winners.

Base-ball—Newark Division No. 42 vs. Greater N. Y. Div., No. 23.
For a valuable Prize.

COMMITTEE

Charles Hummer, Chairman.

John Black, Treasurer
Alfred Shaw,
Henry Hester,

Alfred King, Secretary
Jack Garland,
B. Schornstein.

To REACH PARK—From New York and Newark, take Hudson and Manhattan Tube to Summit Ave. Station, Jersey City, then large gray bus on P. R. R. Bridge direct to Park. From Hoboken Ferries take Summit trolley car with sign in front reading "Hackensack Plk. Rd" and get off at Jane St. Walk 1 block to Park.

Sunnyside Club

GRANT HALL, FOURTH FLOOR
730 South Grand Ave.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

VISITORS WELCOME

Saturday evenings, except first of each month.

Address to Tage E. Samuelson, Secretary, 1415 Dewey Avenue.

RESERVED

FOR

Nov. 17, 18, 19, 1921

RESERVED

FOR

JANUARY 14, 1922

PACH STUDIO

111 Broadway, N. Y.

will be glad to fill orders for the
DETROIT
PHOTOGRAPH
SOUVENIRS

CIRKUT PANORAMA

At Hotel Statler

After October 1st, \$2 per copy

GALLAUDET ALUMNI

At Tashmoo Park

ALSO "OWLS"

Black and White, \$1.50
Sepia, 2.00

Sent on receipt of price.

DO YOU KNOW?

that the Oldest Life Insurance Company in America (New England Mutual) with assets of nearly one hundred millions, offers the best and most liberal policy contract to deaf-mutes, without any extra cost whatsoever?

Free medical examination. Premium rates (payable semi-annually or quarterly if desired) reduced each year by increasing cash dividends.

You owe it to yourself and your loved ones to investigate and act at once.

Full information and list of policy holders on request. Please give date of birth.

Marcus L. Kenner

Special Agent

400 West 111th St., N. Y.

Greater New York Branch

OF THE

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized to co-operate with the National Association in the furtherance of its stated objects. Initiation fee, \$1.50. Annual dues, \$1.00. Officers: Marcus L. Kenner, President, 40 West 111th street; John H. Kent, Secretary, 511 West 148th Street; Samuel Frankenhelm, Treasurer, 16 West 10th Street.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is the social, recreational, and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the third Thursdays of every month. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. Anthony Capelli, President; Jack Seltzer, Secretary, 1600 Avenue A, New York City, or Alex H. Pach, Grand Vice-President, 4th District, 111 Broadway, New York.

The S. A. C. meets on third Wednesday of each month, at 258 DuSable Street, near Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

Greater New York Division, No. 23, N. F. S. D., meets at Imperial Hall, 258 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., first Saturday of each month. It offers exceptional provisions in the way of life insurance and sick benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write to either officers, DENNIS H. HARLEY, Secretary, 1600 Avenue A, New York City, or Alex H. Pach, Grand Vice-President, 4th District, 111 Broadway, New York.

The S. A. C. meets on third Wednesday of each month, at 258 DuSable Street, near Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

VISITORS

IN

CHICAGO

are cordially invited to visit Chicago's Premier Club

The PAS-A-PAS CLUB, Inc.

Entire 4th floor
61 West Monroe Street

Business Meetings.....First Saturdays
Literary Meetings.....Last Saturdays
Club rooms open every day

Join the N. A. D. Boost a good cause!

First Congregational Church

Ninth and Hope, Los Angeles, Cal.

Deaf-mute service, 3 P.M., under the leadership of Mr. J. A. Kennedy. Visiting mutes are welcome.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House, 523 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge.
Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

SERVICES.

Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 8:00 P.M.
Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 8:00 P.M.
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.
ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.